

EXHIBIT 6

East Ramapo

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Cast is seated in chairs on stage facing audience. As lights come up, Kevin (male Black teenager), the Rabbi (male, White, 60+ years old, white-beard, wearing traditional Hasidic clothes), Willie (male, Black, 65 years old) and Dominique (female, teenage Hispanic) all stand and start to speak their first paragraph – Kevin in Creole, tRabbi in Yiddish, Willie in English, Dominique in Spanish - at the same time. Each starts softly but raises his/her voice to try to overpower the others. Initially, each looks forward but give then gives disgruntled glances at the others as they compete for volume. After each finishes their first two sentences, they shake their heads, shrug their shoulders, indicating an unhappy surrender/recognition that one has to speak at a time. Rabbi, Willie and Dominique sit.

Light on Kevin.

Kevin

I was saying, you think the earth is a solid thing. It doesn't even occur to you that it's anything else. That is until your solid earth crumbles all around you and what was standing on this solid earth caves in and is swallowed up by the underground. That is what happened to me, what happened to Haiti on January 12, 2010. I was 14 years old.

One month later, my family and I came to Spring Valley. Being here is a chance to learn what was not available to me in Haiti. There are opportunities here that were not found there. I work hard. I will use this opportunity wisely. I will learn valuable skills.

300,000 of my countrymen died in the initial earthquake. Thousands more died of disease and exposure after the earthquake. I saw it. I remember it. And now, my life is in Spring Valley.

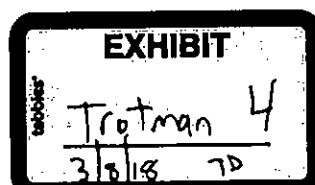
Kevin sits. Rabbi stands.

Rabbi

I was saying, it's a habit. English is a dangerous language. It's the language of the Gentiles, the non-Jews. Even the so-called Jews who consider themselves "enlightened" - they're not real Jews. As far as I'm concerned, they are Gentiles.

I live in America but America does not make me American. I'll speak English to you and then I'll stop. I dream, think and speak Yiddish. I pray to Hashem, one of our names for God, in Hebrew. But I've learned enough English to get by in America.

You think you and the people you know will live their lives until they die in old age or from a disease or maybe an accident. You don't think that everyone you know will be rounded up by thugs and beaten, starved, tortured and murdered. I hear Gentiles say the Jews of Europe were exterminated by the Nazis. You exterminate rats. My grandmother, grandfather, uncles, aunts,



cousins – they were murdered by the Nazis. My mother and father were the only ones in their families to survive. They came to America and became part of the Hasidic community where they could be observant, pious Jews, to praise Hashem. They moved to Monsey.

Rabbi sits. Willie stands.

Willie

You think that you are supposed to sleep at night. That's what you remember. And it doesn't occur to you that you'll never sleep again at night. At least, it didn't occur to me. When I was a kid in Florida, I slept at night. And then at the age of 19, I was drafted into the United States Army. I landed in Viet Nam in 1967. On my first day there, people were shooting at me. I figured out pretty damn quick that this was about living or dying. I was a kid and I wanted to live. And one of the ways to stay alive was to stay awake. I thought after I left Viet Nam that I'd go back to sleeping at night. Didn't happen.

Willie sits. Dominique stands.

Dominique

I look White. I sound White. But I am 100% Hispanic. Spanish is my mother's mother tongue. It is my father's mother tongue, too. My parents were born in Santiago, Chile. I was born in the United States and grew up with Spanish and English. No accent. Si? *(overdoing stereotypical Spanish accent)* People expect me to have thees ahksent. But I can speak like the native to the United States that I am. I like doing accents. *(in eastern European accent)* I can do Russian. *(In Asian accent)* I can do Japanese. *(in English accent)* Or would you like some buttered scones with your tea, mate? Or, *(in Indian accent)* are your samosas very, very, very fresh? You see, I like to act. Been doing it all my life. I'm 17 and I know the same thing I knew when I told my mom and dad as soon as I could talk – I'm an actor.

I go to Ramapo High School where there were opportunities for me to act. There were plays. There was Drama Club. There are teachers who know theater and teach it well. But last year, the School Board announces there will be no fall play at either high school. My motivation for going to school is Drama Club. Drama Club is being with the most wonderful group of talented people you can ever lay your eyes on and you're sitting there and laughing and joking and singing and dancing and just being weird and being yourself. That's what I look forward to every day. I go to school to have fun with them after school. *(She cries and continues to speak clearly.)* I am so frustrated. We tell administrators and Board members how important, how valuable Drama Club is. They seem sympathetic but then they make decisions that show that they're so ignorant to what's going on because they choose to be ignorant. They don't want to know. As teenagers, we feel that the world is really against us. Yeah, this is a taste of the real world.

There's a possibility that at my school, 30 to 50 seniors won't have enough credits to graduate this year. It's because the courses and credits they need to graduate aren't available to them. Wouldn't you think that the School District would be looking out for what's best for its students? Would want to make sure that we'd graduate on time? Wouldn't you want to give us the best opportunities? But that's not the case.

All the members of the school Board are ultra-Orthodox Jews. But I think we need to look at people as individuals, not by their religion. There are teachers at my school who are observant Jews and they're good teachers who care about us. I'd hate to see people lash out at them simply because of their religion. You should not be shaming people for their religion. You should be upset with people based on their actions. I grew up with many Jewish people. My two best friends are Jewish and they have the same exact views as I do. They fight to preserve all the things I want to preserve. They think the School Board is wrong. There are a lot of people who say, "Those freaking Jews are taking over everything. They're terrible people!" I won't say these terrible things because I'd be including my best friends. If I do feel enraged, I try to be enraged with the individuals who are responsible for what's happening in my school. It's not that group of people who are categorized by their religion.

77% of East Ramapo public school students come from families who qualify under federal poverty guidelines. My family doesn't. I have two parents who live with me. Many of my classmates don't. There are people I know who are abused by their parents. There are crimes in their neighborhoods. They aren't safe in their homes or in their neighborhoods. I feel safe and come from a loving, supportive family. My parents are together and they're wonderful people. Other kids aren't as fortunate. For those kids, the after-school athletic teams and clubs, Model United Nations, Model Congress, Drama Club, they're a place for those kids to escape. That's the only place where certain opportunities are available to them. They stay after school because that's the only place they can escape trouble at home. The clubs are the only extra thing they can put on their college applications because that was the only thing that was available to them. It really changes their life. Some people can take the wrong path, go with the wrong crowd but when they do stuff that they're really passionate about and stay after school, it really saves them. On top of everything that they have to worry about, they worry whether their club will be available tomorrow. It's terrible and it shouldn't be the case.

It sometimes feels as if my school is crumbling but I use my optimism to create something great out of it. I want to be a light, to help people smile because everyone looks their best when they're smiling. With all these things being taken away from us, I want to make sure that people don't fall into emptiness. I don't want to see people crying. I want to see them having a sense of community. I try to be as caring and helpful as I possibly can.

I've seen a lot of the real world in this School District. More than I wish. But coming from this has shaped me as a person. I refuse to let other people walk over me or take advantage of my kindness. The moment you do me wrong with no sense of being sorry, I'm not going to do

wrong against you but I am going to stick up for myself. And I will stick for others who deserve that kind of support, too. There are moments when it's time to pick up your shield and take action. You can't be a soft person who gets walked over. You keep your morals and you fight the right way.

Deep down I'm bitter. I have a younger sister. I am bitter that she may not have the opportunity to do the fall drama or the spring musical because by the time she gets to high school, there will be no fall drama or spring musical.

There are people doing wrong to us but I won't stoop to their level. So, I don't spread bitterness and hate. I'm going to use my energy to make something positive. To do something productive. To spread light. That's how we're going to win.

Dominique sits. Reporter stands.

Reporter for The Jewish Week

White male or female adult wearing professional clothes stands.

I'm a reporter for "The Jewish Week." It's an on-line newspaper/magazine related to all things Jewish. News, arts, opinion. What's happening throughout the globe with a focus on "the Jewish perspective" – whatever that means. The paper is open to being critical of Jews if the facts support the criticism.

I find out that in one year, ultra-orthodox and Hasidic schools in the United States have received 30 million dollars from a federal program for computers and other electronic gear. The interesting thing is that ultra-orthodox and Hasidim don't want their children exposed to what they perceive to be the poison of the Internet. In 2012, 60,000 ultra-orthodox Jewish men and boys attend rallies in New York City focusing on the dangers of the Internet. Many yeshivas require that parents annually sign a document committing to no Internet in their homes in order for their children to be enrolled.

They don't want the Internet in their schools or homes and yet they submit applications to this federal program for funds to supply their schools with what they don't want their students exposed to?! And public records reveal that they've received 30 million dollars in federal funds for this very stuff!

So, I investigate and find that Yeshivat Avir Yakov, an all-boys Hasidic school located in the East Ramapo School District, since 1998 has received more than 3.3 million dollars in government funds earmarked for Internet and other telecommunications technology. I interview recent graduates of the school who claim not to have used or seen computers during their time at the school. I review a video taken inside the school where there is no computer – or even a telephone – to be seen. I leave messages at the school, identify myself as a reporter, tell them that I'm doing a story about this and ask for an interview. My calls are not returned.

If the federal dollars are requested for electronic gear, the funds are awarded and there's no electronic gear in sight at the place where it was requested ... well, to paraphrase Hamlet, Something is rotten in East Ramapo!

Reporter sits. Kevin stands.

Kevin

My brother and I finish eating rice and black beans with a red sauce when the house starts to shake. I think "It's a helicopter." Then I realize the shaking is going on for too long. I realize, "This is an earthquake!" The house is really shaking. Parts of the roof are falling down. Somehow, I am not scared. God is with me. My brother stands up and takes a step. Seconds later, the heavy book shelf falls right where he had been sitting. God is with him, too. When the shaking stops, my father, brother and I go outside. It is hard to see because there's so much dust in the air. My neighbor's aunt comes to us. She is crying. She says she needs help. A block of cement fell on my neighbor's foot. He is bleeding real bad. We are all standing in the middle of the street because nobody trusts the houses. We still feel shaking.

My mother works far from where we live. I am really stressed out, not knowing if she is alright. The cell phones don't work. We pray and wait for her in the street by the house. About 90 minutes after the shaking stops, she arrives. She had to walk over dead bodies to get to us. God is with us because she was in a bus when the earthquake happened. The bus flipped over in the earthquake but all the passengers lived. She got out and walked to the house. Knowing she is safe and we are together is a big relief for me.

I saw stuff you don't want to see. I saw 17 dead bodies lined up on the street so people could check for family members. After a month, they were still finding dead bodies. If a building was three stories high and it caved in, you wouldn't be able to see the first floor because it was so deep in the ground. You'd only be able to see the roof and parts of the third floor. And there were dead bodies in there. For some reason, I don't dream about it. That's another thing God did for me.

Even before the earthquake, I was in Haiti during the revolt in 2004. I saw bloody bodies in the streets. I've been seeing this since I was little.

I am a survivor. And I know that I've got work hard. On the first day of school at Spring Valley High School, I get my schedule. I'm assigned to four study halls a day - and the school day is eight periods long. I do not accept it.

I take everything school offers. I get out of my comfort zone to challenge myself. Right now, I have no study halls. I try to learn everything from my surroundings. When I see an opportunity, I take it. My parents and grandparents tell me, "You don't know what life is going to bring you, so you've got to prepare yourself."

I'm interested in business. There used to be a Career Club where we learned how to manage our finances and anything related to having a career. They're cutting that club. How are we supposed to know about this if we aren't exposed to it?

I want the School Board to stop cutting classes and clubs and bring back the ones they cut. I want the School Board to tell us where all the money went. I want to tell them, "Start thinking about the kids. If you keep cutting classes and other programs, sooner or later, there will be a violent Spring Valley. Kids won't have anything to do. Sports are getting cut. Those kids are going to stay out on the streets, hang out and do bad things." If the School Board really thinks about the kids, they wouldn't do what they're doing.

I try to respect other people. The Board, they're stepping on our toes. We're letting that happen. That's got to stop.

Kevin sits. Rabbi stands.

Rabbi

The Jewish people survive. For thousands of years, we have faced discrimination, inquisitions, exile, pogroms, torture and genocide. We have bled rivers of blood and cried oceans of tears but we remain steadfast in our commitment to Hashem. Hashem is one of our 72 names for God - none of which may ever be written out. Hashem means "The Name." To say God's true name, which is so holy, would be to invite death, so we call him Hashem. Because of Hashem, we survive. From the ashes, we rise and build new yeshivas and synagogues and bear new generations of pious Jews. Our survival is testament to our eternal loyalty to Hashem and his divine promise to sustain us forever. When we are deserving, Hashem cares for us. When Jews assimilate, or even worse - when Zionists violate the laws of Hashem and think that they can create the Promised Land when only Hashem can do this - Hashem is angered with us. Assimilation and Zionists caused the Holocaust, the murder by the Nazis of six million Jews. That is why Hashem caused Hitler to punish us.

The world is filled with those who hate us. One source of these haters is the atheist scientists. They proclaim the Big Bang and evolution. Blasphemy! Hashem created every item in the universe. The atheist scientists teach their heresy in their schools. They don't teach that there is an endless plan and purpose everywhere. Even a Gentile with common sense can understand this.

I am Hasidic, a sect of Judaism that believes man must always recognize that Hashem is omnipresent. We realize when we look at material things, we are really gazing at Hashem who is present in all things. We strive to be in constant communion with Hashem, even in our worldly affairs, as Hashem is in every moment of our lives. Hasidim commune with Hashem

through prayer. The one who prays must be filled with fervor and ecstasy, completely leaving the material world behind.

Hasidim dress differently from everyone else so that all will recognize the vast chasm between us and them. Our Bible – which is Hashem's words – speaks of Hashem's chosen ones, "Behold, it is a nation that will dwell in solitude among the nations." If we blend in, Hashem punishes us for betraying him.

Hasidim who survived the holocaust did so in order to bring proper Jewish children into the world, to replace those killed in the war. We survive so that others are born. For our children and grandchildren to be born. To be devout Jews. That is our revenge on Hitler. Hashem must be pleased that we are even more pious, more observant than our people were in Europe before the war.

Hashem can be compassionate. He can be angered. When the world was full of corruption and violence, Hashem said to Noah, "I will end all flesh. I will destroy the sinners with the earth." And he sent the flood. Hashem is capable of anything and everything.

Hashem tested Abraham - commanding him to sacrifice his son, Isaac. Abraham places Isaac on a rock, his sharpened knife in hand ready to sacrifice his son. Hashem stops him. Abraham passes Hashem's test. Hashem's tests are not for the weak of will. That is why Hasidim work so hard to be observant, fearful and grateful to Hashem.

We have 613 commandments. These commandments address what can be and cannot be eaten, how not to conduct sexual relations, personal hygiene, how to grow food, circumcision, idols, sacrifices, menstruation, legal processes and observation of the Sabbath.

To violate the Sabbath is equal to violating all 613 commandments. On the Sabbath, we do not carry money. We do not drive or turn on electric devices. We will not add fresh water to a vase of cut flowers which might cause the plant to grow. We will not remove good fruit from spoiled fruit. We will not brush dried mud from our boots. We will not add cold milk directly to hot tea or coffee. We will not rub soap to make lather or polish shoes. We obey these and many other prohibitions because the Sabbath is devoted to total communion with Hashem. We leave the material world behind.

We will not enter a public library. English is poison to the pure Jewish soul. We live in America but we live apart. We use English as little as possible. If overly exposed to English, it dulls us so that we can no longer respond to Hashem. Yiddish is the language of our ancestors. Hashem approves of Yiddish.

We have many holy days where we remember how Hashem tested us. On Purim, we remember that the Babylonians tried to kill us. On Hanukah, we remember that the Romans tried to kill us. On Passover we remember that the Egyptians enslaved and tried to kill us. We remember that the Spanish tried to kill us during the Inquisition. And we remember every day, every single day, that the Nazis tried to wipe us off the face of the planet. Hashem is the source of these

killers, of famines, floods, plaques and Hitler. And Hashem is the source of our survival. On Yom Kippur, we know that Hashem decides who will live and who will die.

There is much talk in East Ramapo about special needs. We have many children, some with special needs. Public school people complain that we insist that our children receive special education services from our schools. A Hasidic child with special needs could not be properly cared for by Gentiles. They do not speak his language. They do not understand his rituals and practices. Whether they are so-called normal or a child with special needs, all of our children need to follow our sacred laws. That is why we insist, why we fight so hard and why we win the right to care for our own in our own way.

Rabbi sits. Catherine (a teenage Black girl stands.)

Catherine

I work very hard to do well in school. Very hard. When I was told that I'd have four study halls a day, I said, "No." I made sure that I took classes. Why would I waste time in a study hall when I could be learning? I have eight class periods a day and I take eight classes. I was born in Haiti and came to the United States as a young child. My entire school experience has been in East Ramapo schools. And that entire experience has been one of working hard, studying hard and doing well.

As recognition for that hard work and success, I received many awards. I feel very proud of this. My family is very proud. For me and my family, coming from Haiti, studying in the United States, excelling in English, these were huge achievements and cause for celebration.

One award that was significant was the Certificate of Honor from the Town of Ramapo.

At the Awards Ceremony, the President of the School Board, a Hasidic man, was present to congratulate the students receiving awards. Mrs. Fields, my principal, calls my name. I feel as if my body is carried up the steps and across the stage. Without looking at the audience, I know my Godmother, who is in the audience, is clapping her hands with a huge smile on her loving face. Mrs. Fields smiles warmly at me as I approach her. She extends her right hand to me. I shake her right hand as she places the certificate with her left hand into my left hand. Standing next to her is the President of the School Board. He is wearing a black coat, a large black hat, black pants, black shoes and a white shirt. His face is dominated by a long, bushy beard and moustache. A ring of hair curls around each of his ears. He looks in my direction but does not meet my gaze. I extend my right hand to him and he immediately draws his right hand back. It's as if I don't exist. As if I'm less than him. Less than human.

I live in the United States. This is the custom of the United States. A person extends his or her right hand to shake the right hand of another person. Their hands meet, clasp - not too hard, not too soft - and shake for a few seconds. Then the hands separate. It's a respectful way to meet and recognize another person. Hand shaking is a common practice in the United States

when someone receives an award. It says - without words - "I see you. I meet you. I recognize you."

We can meet as equals in this country that speaks so much of equality.

When the President of the School Board does not meet my gaze and withdraws his hand when I extend mine, I am hurt. Deeply. It's as if my hard work and success and I are not worth the recognition of the President of the School Board. I understand he has his own belief system. He has every right to it. This is the United States. If this man is going to serve as President of the School Board of the school district where I am a student, and his belief system includes the practice of not touching someone of the other gender with the exception of his or her spouse and children, then he can make the mature choice, the responsible decision - not to stand on the stage of an awards ceremony where young men and young women will receive awards. Make a brief speech congratulating the recipients. Tell us all how proud you, the President of our School District, are of our achievements. Then explain that you have a practice that you do not touch individuals of the other gender. Tell us that because of your practice, you will excuse yourself from the portion of the ceremony when there will be hand shaking. And then step away. That would be American. That would be respectful of others. It would add to our education, our understanding of others. I would have honored you and your honesty if you did that. You shook hands with the young men who received awards before and after me. But you drew your hand back from me and every young woman who walked across the stage. You disrespected me. In front of my principal, my Godmother and friends. Shame on you!

But, as I said, I study hard. I learn a lesson from you and your disrespect. I see how important it is to recognize and respect others. And I make a promise to genuinely recognize and respect others. Whether they agree with me or not. Whether they look like me or not. Whether they respect me or not.

I am the President of the Youth Council of the Spring Valley Branch of the NAACP, the National Association of the Advancement of Colored People. In the Youth Council, we have students from both Ramapo and Spring Valley high schools. We've initiated letter writing campaigns to members of the School Board. We've spoken to reporters from newspapers, magazines and radio. We've written letters to the editors and encouraged others to do so. We regularly attend meetings of the School Board. And we speak - respectfully - at those meetings.

At these meetings, members of the School Board sit at a higher level than the audience. The members of the School Board are all men. Eight of them white men who wear Jewish head coverings, what they call "yarmulkes," and some of whom have curls of their hair twisted around their ears, what they call "payis," and some of whom have fringes of their prayer shawls, what they call "tsee tseet," hanging below their shirts. These are all ultra-Orthodox Jews whose children do not attend public schools, whose interest is directing as many resources of the East Ramapo School District as they can, to their private religious schools, what they call "yeshivas." These men look down at an audience that is composed of at least half women and almost all of whom are Black and Hispanic. And these men are the decision-makers for 9,000

public school students who are approximately 50% female and are overwhelmingly Black and Hispanic.

They open their meetings by "conducting business." It is truly amazing how lifeless this business is. The members look at the ceiling, play with their cell phones and respond with a "Yes" or "No" when the secretary calls their name for a vote. Then, typically, they go into what they call Executive Session. This is done behind closed doors. This is when they do the real business of the Board. Behind closed doors. In secret.

When they emerge from their private chambers, they give the public the opportunity to speak to them. There is a __ minute limit on each presenter. Members of the School Board and their lawyer interrupt speakers to ask questions or simply harass the speaker. If members of the audience interrupted a member of the School Board, they'd be thrown out of the meeting. This public session often begins at 11 p.m. We're students whose arrival time at school the next morning is 7:15. They deliberately make us wait until the end of their meeting. And we're still there. Tired and bored and insulted. We're still there. And we respectfully speak to them. And there they are, *(projection of actual footage of School Board meetings of the Board, visually uninvolved with the speaker)*.

Members of the Board, Superintendent Klein, Members of the Public,

My name is Catherine Auguste. I am a senior at Ramapo High School. There are wonderful, important, creative, thoughtful students in the East Ramapo School District. We desperately want to learn. We come to school to learn. We come to school to better ourselves and our community and our country. We come to learn academics and how to be good citizens. In order for that to happen, we need clean, safe buildings. We need committed, skilled teachers. We need competent, caring administrators. We need current text books and computers. We need libraries and art and music and athletics and after-school clubs. This is what is expected in the United States. This is a country that proclaims equal opportunity for all.

From kindergarten through twelfth grade, there is a basic understanding that American public schools will provide its students with the resources needed for us to learn and grow into contributing members of society.

(Catherine stops speaking, looks at the projection of the unengaged members of the Board and continues ...)

I speak to you from my heart and you look at your cell phones, read your mail. I am a student in the schools you represent and you don't even recognize me. I have respectfully listened to you. I have waited to speak to you until well after when I should be asleep in my bed. I have waited to speak to you while I should have been preparing for class tomorrow. And now that I speak, you do not listen. I have followed the rules and I will speak whether you care about me or what I have to say ... or not.

Because of your mis-guided policies, our buildings are unclean and unsafe. Many faculty have lost their jobs. The average class size has gone from ___ to ___. Full day kindergarten is replaced by half day. And you consider eliminating it entirely. You eliminated many clubs, teams and after-school activities. You closed two public schools and attempted to sell them at prices well-below their appraised value to your private religious schools. You fired administrators who cared about us and replaced them with administrators who are beholden to you. And you dare to budget millions of dollars for legal fees, millions of dollars that taxpayers have paid for public education, not for your legal fees! You plunder the public trust and public funds for the private, religious education of your own community.

I am suffering. 9,000 public school students are suffering. Our families are suffering. Our community is suffering. We will not be prepared for what we need to be prepared for. The Chief of Police of Spring Valley has declared an impending emergency of public safety. Stick us in study halls for the half the school day and why should we go to school? You eliminate art and music and theater and clubs and athletics and these essential activities disappear from our lives. Our ability to creatively and constructively communicate and interact with the world goes with it. We are out on the streets with no meaningful work to perform. Take 9,000 idle, bored, disillusioned young people and you have the recipe for the disaster of public safety that the Chief of Police warns us about.

This is not in our interest and not in your interest either. We willingly invite you to live with us. Keep your rituals. Keep your practices. Speak your language. This is America and you are welcome to be a member of the community. I will respect your rights. And I insist that you respect me and my rights, too.

Good night.

Projection of bored members of the school board stops. Catherine sits. Rachel stands.

Rachel

Rachel is teenage girl in traditional Hasidic clothes. She stands.

There's a safety and comfort knowing exactly what is expected of me – to be a good Hasidic girl, study my lessons well, help Mamaleh with cooking, cleaning and caring for all my younger brothers and sisters. In this way, I learn to manage a household, to prepare for my own cooking, cleaning, buying food, honoring our rituals, being a good wife to my husband - who will be selected for me - and for us to bear many good Jewish children who will bear many more good Jewish children.

We Hasidim deliberately live apart from the rest of world. We wear clothes to remind us we are different. We speak Yiddish because that is the language of our ancestors who Hitler (*makes spitting sound and waves her hand - to ward off Satan*) tried to eliminate. We speak as little English as is necessary. As a girl, I study some Hebrew. Boys study much more. Sometimes, I'm curious about finding a deeper understanding of our religion and knowing Hebrew better would

be helpful. But then I remember I am a girl and my job is to be a mother and not a scholar. That is why girls are forbidden to read the Talmud, which males study from the time they are young boys until their dying day. The Talmud contains the opinions of thousands of rabbis on customs, ethics, philosophy and many other aspects of life. It is the basis for our laws. When I am curious about the Talmud, I just let the thought go away because I have so much work to do to help Mamaleh.

I go to yeshiva attended by girls only. Our teachers are women. By 16, I will complete my schooling. I hope, by 17, to be married to the perfect young man and very soon after that to be caring for my first child and soon after that for my second child and soon after that for my third child and as many children as Hashem blesses me with. The greatest curse is the curse of childlessness (*she makes spitting sound and waves her hand - to ward off Satan*).

Mendel

Mendel is teenage Hasidic male teenager wearing traditional clothes. He stands. Rachel looks straight ahead. Both she and Mendel stand throughout their section.

I go to yeshiva attended by boys only. Our teachers are men. The focus of my studies is the sacred Jewish texts. If I do well, I will be a scholar, a Rebbe.

Rachel

In school, I study what I need to know to become a good Hasidic mother. First period is devoted to prayer. Second period is Modesty. It is a sin for a woman to expose any part of her body from her collarbone to her wrists to her knees. We hear a story about Rachel, who was the wife of Rabbi Akiva. In the story – which we are told many times - Rachel sticks pins into her thighs so that her skirts will not show the skin above her knee. This is the strength women must display. Otherwise, we would be the cause of a man seeing these forbidden parts of our bodies. Our sin would be greater than his because we caused the sin by exposing our bodies.

I will never touch or be touched by a man until I am married. I am a *shomrei ngiiyah*, a watcher of touching. The only man I will touch is my husband, and if Hashem blesses me with sons, I will touch them too. Otherwise, I will not touch or be touched by a man. Ever.

Mendel

I will not touch or be touched by any women other than my mother until I am married. I will touch my wife and if Hashem blesses me with daughters, I will touch them, too. Otherwise, I will not touch or be touched by a woman. Ever.

Rachel

Before the World War II, in Europe, married Hasidic women did not shave their heads. Now, we do to show Hashem that we are trying harder. Our rebbes make new rulings for modesty all the time. It used to be that 10th grade girls had to have a seam in the thick wool tights we wear.

That was to show that it was a stocking, not our bare legs which are practically the same color as our stockings. Then the rebbe said that ninth grade girls had to wear tights with a seam. The rebbe recently proclaimed that girls cannot wear knits next to our skin. It is too clingy, too revealing. We have to always be on guard against sin and Satan. We Hasidim have a spark. Satan sees our spark and wants to steal our light from us.

In the middle of the summer, it is hot but all Hasidic women wear thick, woolen tights on our legs. It is hot but we remind ourselves that we are different. I see Gentiles wearing shorts and tank tops, exposing so much of what is forbidden for us to expose. We build many fences to keep the temptations and sin of the outside world away.

Mendel

In the middle of the summer, it is hot but all Hasidic men wear long black coats, black pants and black hats, sometimes fur hats. It is a constant reminder that we are a people apart. In Chapter 1 of Chapters of the Fathers, it says that every Jew must build a fence around the Torah, to create laws, protections and prohibitions that safeguard him from temptation and sin. Our clothes are one of our fences that protect us from temptation and sin.

Rachel

When I was a young girl, if Mamaleh didn't need help, I could skip rope and play hopscotch. Now, that I'm older, those activities are not proper and anyway, I have too much work to do.

Mendel

When I was very small, I could play outside. But once I could read, such activities were improper. Now, I study holy scriptures.

Rachel

In preparation for Passover, the holiday when we celebrate Hashem freeing us from slavery in Egypt, Mamaleh and I grate horseradish. If you think you cry from cutting onions, you cry so much more grating horseradish. And we eat it during the Passover meal to remind us of the bitterness our ancestors lived with at the hands of the Egyptians. The more we eat of this bitter herb, the more we are reminded.

When I come to a church, I look the other way. I cross the street. Churches have statues. So do many old buildings. Whenever idols are present, I look away. I cross the street.

I do not go to synagogue. My place is in the home, cooking, cleaning and caring for children. Men go to synagogue. I pray at home the prayers a woman must recite.

From the age of 12, I may not sing. Ever.

It is forbidden that I enter a library. It is a place filled with English. When I study English in high school, many words are blacked out by school censors. These are words I do not need to know, to see or use. I need to know enough English to make my way outside my home when I must go out.

At yeshiva, we learn about King David. We read in the Old Testament that David was chosen by Hashem to be the anointed leader. We read that David had many wives, all of whom were virgins when they married him because they were the only ones pure enough for Hashem's chosen one. We learn that David fell in love with a beautiful woman named Bathsheba. She was married to Uriah, a soldier who died in battle. After he died, David married Bathsheba. We are taught that David was a saint. That he was without sin.

Mendel

At yeshiva, we learn about King David. We read in the Old Testament that David was chosen by Hashem to be the anointed leader. We read in the Talmud that David had relations with his wives and with other women who were not virgins. He did not marry them. After David married Bathsheba, the only woman he married who was not a virgin, when he looked at her, he could only see his reflection in her eyes. He saw that he caused Uriah's death by sending him into battle. David slept with Bathsheba no more. In yeshiva, we discuss this. It is good that only men read the Talmud. This is not a matter for women.

Rachel

In third grade, I studied blessings over food.

Mendel

In third grade, I studied blessings over food.

Rachel

There are six standard blessings – for bread; food that is made from grain but is not bread; wine; fruit that grows on trees; what grows on the earth, and everything else.

Mendel

It's easy to know which prayer is recited when you eat a single food – an apple, for instance.

Rachel

It's complicated when you combine foods like with falafel or breakfast cereal and milk.

Mendel

You must know which are the superior and subordinate foods. The superior food gets the blessing.

Rachel

Some blessings take priority over others. So, you have to know which one is said first.

Mendel

Then we're tested on this. This is very important for us to know. We use these prayers every day. Every time we eat.

Rachel

In elementary school, we watched documentaries of what happened to Jews in Europe during the Holocaust. We saw piles of dead naked bodies pushed by a bulldozer into a pit. The bodies were so, so, horrible to look at. These people, my people, were starved so that their bodies were just skin and bones.

Mendel

In elementary school, we watched documentaries of what happened to Jews in Europe during the Holocaust. We saw what they did to us. But it was our sins that caused Hashem to punish us. Jews assimilated. They were not properly observant. They married Gentiles. They had children with Gentiles so that those children were lost to Hashem

Rachel

I was horrified by what I saw in those documentaries but I resolved not to cause Hashem to be angry with us again. I will be more devout than my ancestors. I will raise good Jewish children as revenge on Hitler (*makes spitting sound and waves her hands to ward off evil*).

Mendel

Hashem was angry that the Zionists, non-observant Jews, created a so-called Jewish homeland. Who were the Zionists to think they could build a Jewish state with their own hands? Only Hashem can do that. Hashem's miracles will cause the Jewish state to come into being! It is not for us to do. It was a sin by these so-called Jews, a sin as great as assimilation. Hashem was so angry with us that he caused Hitler (*makes spitting sound and waves his hands to ward off evil*) to punish us. This is why every so-called Israel Independence Day, thousands of us demonstrate against the wrong-headed celebration. We are showing Hashem that we know only He will create a Jewish state. Only then, can we return from our exile.

Rachel

I will attend high school for three years. Then I get a fancy piece of paper signed by the Rabbi and principal of the school. It is not a New York State high school diploma. I don't need a high school diploma. For the work outside of my home that I may do, bookkeeping or teaching in a yeshiva for girls, I don't need a high school diploma.

Rachel and Mendel sit. Jean, a middle-aged Black woman in professional clothes stands.

Jean

My parents were born in the Virgin Islands. They had five children. My father, who did not graduate from high school, told us his dream was that each of his children would earn at least a master's degree. And just a few months before he passed away, my youngest brother was accepted to the Master's Program of the Wharton Business School of the University of Pennsylvania to join his siblings in manifesting our father's dream. I believe that Dad waited to pass until he knew his work on earth was complete - and with each of his children fulfilling their part - he could go on.

So, education is primary to me and I became an educator. I taught math, social studies and special education for 14 years. I came to Ramapo High School in 1994 where I taught for four years and then served as Assistant Principal for seven years. For the past seven years, I served as Principal. Our school day begins at 7:42. 7:30 is when the students are scheduled to arrive. My day begins much earlier. I arrive at school by 7. Our school day ends at 1:56. That is, when students are officially dismissed from classes and many leave the building and grounds. My day goes on much longer. I attend - and am on the job at - school dance performances, football games, fashion shows, basketball games, student debates, award ceremonies, etc. etc., etc.

The District eliminates custodial staff so that the remaining staff cannot keep the building properly clean. The Superintendent publicly claims that there are no health violations but the Supervising Safety and Health Inspector of the of the New York State Department of Health inspects my school and Pomona Middle School and reports, "An onsite inspection revealed violations ... A 'Notice of Violation and Order to Comply' has been issued." The hazards found at both schools include mold, unacceptable indoor air quality, and vermin.

They eliminate more than 90 teaching positions over the period of five years. Students are assigned up to five study halls in an eight period day so that many of them will not earn enough credits to graduate in four years. They eliminate sports teams and clubs. All in the name of the almighty budget. And at the same time, they earmark millions of dollars in District funds for legal expenses to defend themselves from suits initiated by parents and community activists unwilling to accept their selling public school buildings for millions of dollars less than their appraised value. Selling those public school buildings to their yeshivas, their private, religious schools.

And they have the audacity to say that the kids are their priority.

I attended a District meeting where a young man was being discussed. He was taking drugs and needed help. I was impressed with the thoughtful plan that was put into place, how many resources would support this young man - who happened to be Hasidic. This support came from School District funds. I don't begrudge the young man this support. I celebrate it and wish

him a full and rich life. I left the meeting feeling devastated that those same resources are not made available to all public school students.

When students arrive in the morning, they come through the Main Entrance. There are at least two Security staff at the door. I am at the door, as well. I greet them. I take a barometric reading of the energy surging in these 1,400 young people as they enter our school. I want them to see me. To see and feel the presence of their calm Principal genuinely welcoming them. Many of my kids come from tough and challenging circumstances. They need to know their Principal is looking out for them. That their school is a safe place filled with people who want to give them the tools they need to succeed in their lives. At the end the school day, I'm at the same door as my kids leave. So that their last image of our school is their calm principal blessing them as they go out into the world. I'm doing for them what my dad did for me.

Jean sits. Willie stands.

Willie

I was born in Quincy, Florida, a little town known for growing tobacco for cigars. Back when I was a kid, in the 60's, our county had 26 millionaires because of the tobacco. All 26 were White. Blacks lived in one part of town. Whites lived in another. I knew that I was not supposed to go into the White side. I grew up drinking from "Colored" fountains, going to "Colored" bathrooms and attending "Colored" schools. In Quincy, there were two high schools. The Black school was named for two prominent Black men - Carter and Parramore. Every teacher was Black. The White school was called Quincy High School. Every teacher was White. I remember the books we'd get. They had Quincy High School written on them and the names of White kids who had used those books before we got them. I grew up in legalized apartheid but still graduated when I was 16.

In 1966, I got drafted by the United States Army. I went to Basic Training in South Carolina where I didn't know anyone. Then I was sent to Advanced Training in Oklahoma where I didn't know anyone. Then they sent me on a plane to Viet Nam full of people I didn't know and then placed in a unit where I didn't know anyone. When my tour was up, I got on a plane with people I didn't know. We were wearing fatigues and flew into the State of Washington. We turned in our military gear and got civilian clothes. We signed some form. I got the little bit of money that I was owed. They put me on a plane and the next morning I was in New York City. In about a 24 hour period, I went from the war in Viet Nam to the streets of New York. It was pretty devastating.

I have Martin days and Malcolm days. On Martin days I say, "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you." On Malcolm days, I say, "Do unto others as they do unto you." On a Malcolm day, I say, "When we get to the table, we're gonna be equal. It's not that we're requesting or demanding - we're gonna be equal. It's that we're gonna be equal or we're not

gonna be at the table. If something requires that the other folks need to understand something, then that's a Martin day. But if it's something that I'm demanding, then it's a Malcolm day.

I'm the President of the Spring Valley Chapter of the NAACP, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. I am also a frustrated, angry Black man. I am angry because in East Ramapo, people are hiding behind religion. They're using religion to carry out oppressive agendas. In East Ramapo, ultra-Orthodox Jews are trying to take power from everybody. It doesn't matter whether you're Black or White, so long as you don't belong to their group. They're using the religion card because if you are not with them, they accuse you of being an anti-Semite.

I work closely with Dr. Oscar Cohen. He used to be a school superintendent. Dr. Cohen is a White guy and he's Jewish. And the ultra-Orthodox call him an anti-Semite simply because his stances are different from theirs. They tell Dr. Cohen that he's not even Jewish! Not only are they being oppressive, they're arrogant, too. They are destroying our tomorrow that they don't necessarily believe in. They're looking not to pay their taxes and they're looking for others to pay taxes for them and to support them. And when people stand up to them, they retaliate.

Willie sits. Dominique stands.

Dominique

My friend and classmate, Nicky Pulakos, attended a School Board meeting. In the parking lot, Nicky heard the lawyer for the District, cursing Steve White, the father of two sons who attended East Ramapo schools and who has championed the rights of public school students. This lawyer, a white man, stands about 6 feet 2 inches and weighs about 240 pounds. The lawyer growls at Mr. White, "I wish a fucking brick falls on your head." Nicky, who weighs 140 pounds, says to the loud, large, threatening lawyer, "Is that a threat?" The lawyer says to Mr. White, "A brick should fall on your fucking head." Nicky says, "You're going to curse in front of a student of Ramapo High School. Really?" The lawyer turns to Nicky, gestures to his chest and says, "You want me come get me?" Nicky replies, "Why would I want you? You're disgusting." The lawyer says to Nicky, "You're a piece of shit"

The lawyer whose firm is paid a (*confirm all these figures*) \$40,000 a year retainer by the school district, who bills the school district for \$250 an hour and \$125 for each trip to and from his Long Island office, who is supposed to insure the legal rights of students in the school district that he is paid to represent; he shouts at Nicky, "You are a piece of shit!" I am not making this up. There were witnesses present including a reporter for Newsday.

To his credit, Nicky did not take the bait. Newsday prints an article describing the incident. People make calls and write letters to members of the School Board. No response. Letters are written and calls made to the Superintendent. No response. Rallies are held calling for the removal of the lawyer. No response. If a student engaged in such conduct, the student would

be disciplined, suspended or expelled. The lawyer continues to receive his salary. We understand that students are not the priority here.

Dominique sits. Willie stands.

Willie

That's the arrogance I'm talking about. I'm angry that they're reaching low enough to do this to kids. These are the same kids, who someday, are going off to war to defend all of us. I'm angry, too, that they don't believe in American law. They don't believe their sons should go into the military. Who defends America? The same people they're taking the basic rights from today! They say, "Our kids don't play sports so your kids shouldn't play sports. Our kids don't do band, so your kids shouldn't do band." It's un-American. It gets me angry.

We complain that the bleachers at the high school football stadium need to get fixed. This is where graduation is held. It's big enough so that kids can have family and friends attend their graduation. Graduating from high school is a huge thing for our kids and their families. And for our kids from other countries, to graduate from an American high school, is even bigger. The School Board doesn't fix the bleachers and they say graduation will be in the school gym and each graduate gets one ticket for the ceremony in the gym and one ticket for someone to watch a video image in the cafeteria. Do you understand what an insult that is? For lots of folks in the United States a kid graduating from high school is hardly a blip on their radar screen. That's not the case for our kids and their families.

This is a Malcolm day for me. The School Board, who decided not to fix the bleachers, uses that money to budget millions of dollars for expensive lawyers who curse our kids and their parents. I'm sorry Martin. This is a Malcolm day. They're destroying our kids, families and community. And they know what they're doing.

We got kids taking four study halls a day – out of an eight period day – because they don't have enough teachers to teach the courses they want. They hire a Superintendent for \$250,000 a year. He doesn't do what they want so they break his contract and demote him to a job that pays half of what he was getting as Superintendent. The expensive lawyer – the same one who curses our kids - tells them this is okay. So they break his contract and he takes them to court. So, who's defending them in court? The same lawyer who said it's okay to break his contract. They lose the case and have to pay a fortune to the first Superintendent, the one they demoted, and they're paying the second superintendent a fortune and they're paying their expensive lawyer a fortune for his time. And you lay off janitors whose job is to keep the schools clean to pay for this. And you lay off teachers who need to be in the classrooms to pay for this? You don't fix the bleachers to pay for this? Yes, it makes me angry. How angry do I get? I don't go through Monsey sometimes because of my anger.

They are purposefully destroying 9,000 kids. These are Black kids and White kids and Hispanic kids and Christian kids and Jewish kids and Muslim kids who they're destroying to get their

belief system in place. But they go beyond that. They're destroying 20,000 of their own kids because they refuse to educate them because they think if their kids are properly educated they'll become part of America.

So, we initiate court proceedings against them, we investigate and turn our findings over to State elected officials, County officials, courts, the State Education Department. We talk to reporters from the media. We work with the kids to help them organize themselves. My goal this year is to meet with the Attorney General of the United States to put this matter into his hands. I grew up with Jim Crow. I sat in the back of the bus. I got the used textbooks from the White kids at the White schools. I fought in Viet Nam and I don't sleep at night because of it. And even with that, I celebrate what the United States proclaims it stands for – equal opportunity for everyone. Justice for everyone. I am determined – and many other good people are equally determined – to make it right in East Ramapo.

Here's what I want to happen... On my Malcolm Day, I want the members of the School Board and their flunkies to go to jail. In an integrated prison. In a prison with bars. And for me to go there and tell their fellow prisoners what they did. On my Martin Day, I just want them to . . .

Willie sits. Kevin stands.

Kevin

We're studying parasites in Science. A parasite lives on or in a host and gets its food from or at the expense of its host. This reminds me of the School Board and District administrators. Parasites can cause disease, sometimes death of its host. And if the host dies, then the parasite will probably die, too. If the School Board continues to destroy the public schools and the future of its students, I can imagine that East Ramapo will look like Port Au Prince after the earthquake.

We saw this video (*project edited video, no audio, of <http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vMG-LWyNcAs>. Kevin narrates.*) about a particular parasite. Here's a caterpillar that's been parasitized by a wasp. The wasp has injected its eggs just under the skin of the caterpillar - hundreds of eggs that hatch into larvae. A single larva is about the size of a grain of rice. All the larvae put together now account for 1/3 of the weight of the caterpillar. The larvae grow by consuming the caterpillar's blood but need to keep the host alive – for now – so they do not touch the caterpillar's vital organs. Now, the larvae are fully mature. During their two weeks inside the host, they develop jagged saw-like teeth in order to eat their way out. Caterpillars have thick skin but it is no match for these teeth. The larvae break through and quickly spin cocoons around themselves for protection against predators. Typically, a caterpillar will make its own cocoon for its own protection. But this wounded, parasitized one helps the larvae by spinning its own cocoon around them. The virus caused by the parasites has disrupted the caterpillar's own brain to cause this abnormal behavior. And then, the caterpillar defends the cocoon from invaders ... until it dies of starvation.

This real-life science story reminds me of real-life East Ramapo Central School District.

Then we learn about mycorrhizae, a fungus that attaches to plant roots. Mycorrhizae have been attaching themselves to plant roots for about 450 million years. The fungus and plant develop a relationship that is mutually beneficial. The plant provides the fungus with carbohydrates which are created by photosynthesis, the miraculous interaction of sunlight and the chlorophyll of the leaves. And the mycorrhizae help the plant absorb more water and minerals because of its large surface area. Here's a photograph of a plant root with no mycorrhizae (*project image*). Here's a photograph of that plant (*project image*). And here's a photograph of the same species of plant (*project image demonstrating larger, healthier plant*) and this is its roots with mycorrhizae (*project image*).

We've got a choice in East Ramapo. We can choose to live the story of the caterpillar who starves to death or we can choose the story of the plant roots and fungus who help each other. I vote for the fungus. (*Holds up photo of plant that has mycorrhizal relationship. He turns to the other cast members.*)

How about you?

Turns to audience and asks them.

How about you?

Pauses thoughtfully.

I guess we'll see.

Entire cast stands, takes hands and bows.

End